

regretted that we had fastened our dogs at a remote part of the field, for a wounded bear is the better of being teased a little, and Mingo generally wounds whatever he points his iron at, when he does not kill out-right. "Here, at all events, there is a bear fight," said I, while gazing intently at Mingo, with his head drawn awry, expecting every moment to see the blaze and the smoke, and hear the well known twang of his Yankee rifle. Smoke there was, after a little, and a slight blaze; and then Mingo turned himself on his root with an evident chuckle of satisfaction, while he poured out volume after cloud of the perfumed weed from his now thoroughly lighted meerchaum. This was against all the rules of wood-craft, but he would not be denied, informing me, in reply to my remonstrances, that the bear had only by that time awakened from his snooze, and was not half determined whether he was hungry or not. So, of course, I followed his example, to relieve the tedium of waiting. Night came on apace, and we heard a noise in the distance. This must be he—and yet it came from the wrong direction. Before it was yet quite dark, two men and a woman came into the rear of the cat-field, talking very loud. A woman! and in that desolate wilderness! There is hope for Canada, when we see such things! A man and his wife had been in search of their cows, and were now returning, talking cheerfully with a young apprentice to a Surveyor, who had left the camp, and was making his way to the front. The apprentice's talk was mostly about "young ladies" in general, and some very pretty ones in particular, whom he knew, and who were exceedingly to his taste. Mrs. McCarthy was "*taking the weight*" of the young gentleman, and well she knew how to do it, as her husband testified by his merry laughs. They came into the part of the field where I sat, and I could at last perceive that the distinguished young beau had a gun on his shoulder. Their talk was now about the bear. This was the "bear-field,"—"the oat-field of Mich Welsh, where the big bear came to devour entirely the oats of Mich." "And be the powdher," said Mr. McCarthy, "it's me that thinks he would ate a man as soon!" This was consolatory, certainly, to us. But the apprentice did not fear bears—he could pass the woods at all hours, and with his "gun he could shoot whatever came before him,"—"he never feared a bear in his life." They now came directly under me, and were passing along without notice, until Mingo gave a roar through his hands, that echoed far through the woods.

"The bear!—the bear!" cried Mrs. McCarthy, and if I do not mistake, I heard the sound of hurried footsteps speeding deftly through the grain.

"The bear!" shouted Mr. McCarthy, leaping forward with a sick in his fist, and which he brandished madly.